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THE
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. IV.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE

BRITISH PORTS

VOL. IV.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCARD and W. CARRUTHERS,
and J. BALFOUR.

MDCCLXXIII.

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The A U T H O R

J O H N M I L T O N.

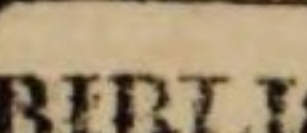
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REVISED OCCASION



BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

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P O E M S

O N

S E V E R A L

O C C A S I O N S.

By JOHN MILTON.

----Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

VIRGIL. Eclog. 7.

VOL. IV.

A

P O E M S

OF

SEVERAL

OC CAS I O N S.

BY JOHN MILTON.

—BACON'S PROVERBS

CHURCH, DE VARIIS ANTIQVAE MANSIONIBUS

VIRGILII LIB. 7.

A

VOL. IV.

L Y C I D A S.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned friend unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compells me to disturb your season due :

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,

Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :

Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his watry bier

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,

Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,

That from beneath the seat of jove doth spring,

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,

So may some gentle muse

With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,

And as he pass'es turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heav'n's descent had stop'd his westering wheel:
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough satyrs danc'd, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were you playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wifard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream.

Had ye been there---for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely flighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair,
Fame is the spur that the clear sp'rit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phoebus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy need.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd ev'ry gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing flow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest; [hold
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What reck's it them? what need they? they are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swell'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And ev'ry flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,

POEMS ON

And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies;
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmize.
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead;
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was drop'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

L' Allegro.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn [holy,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some fages sing)
The frolic wind that breaths the spring,
Zephir with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckfom, blithe, and debonnair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night ;
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great fun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plow-man near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney-smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their favoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy-Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by frier's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matten rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs;
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony;

Hard by, a cottage chimney-smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their favoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
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 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumbers on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likeliest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose faintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :
Yet thou art higher far descended,
The bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
'To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she, (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train
And sable stole of Cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm peace and quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hift along,
'Lefs Philomel will deign a fong,
In her sweeteft, faddeft plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that fhunn'ft the noife of folly,
Moft mufical, moft melancholy!
Thee chauntrefs of the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-fong;
And miffing thee, I walk unfeen
On the dry fmooth-fhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheft noon,
Like one that had been led aftray
Through the heav'n's wide pathlefs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rifing ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu found,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging flow with fullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ftill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all refort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowfy charm,
To blefs the doors from nightly harm:

Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those daemons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptor'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobl'd hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside

In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil suited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounted as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud.
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a show'r still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the caves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rood ax with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no prophaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh
That at her flowr'y work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream

Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To wake the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chuse to live.

A R C A D E S.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the seat of State, with this Song.

I. S O N G.

LOOK nymphs, and shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook :

This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Here our solemn search hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise ;

Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads ;
'This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wife Latona be,
Or the towred Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dares not give her odds.

Who had thought this clime had held
A diety so unparallel'd ?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears,
and turning toward them, speaks.*

GEN. Stay gentle swains, for, though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with a'l helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity ;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold ;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
For know by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.

And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to blest;
But else in deep of night, when drowfiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music ly,
To lull the daughters of necessity,
And keep unsteady nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds: Yet as we go
What-e'er the skill of lesser gods can show,

I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. S O N G.

Ô'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof.

 Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her Deity.

Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. S O N G.

NYMPHS and shepherds dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's lillied banks,
 On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar

 Trip no more in twilight ranks,
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
 A better foil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Maenalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us,
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the lady of this place.
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

ON THE
MORNING

OF

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy fages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heav'n's high council-table
To sit the midst of trinal unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern rode
 The star-led wifards haste with odors sweet :
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The H Y M N.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
 While the heav'n-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woo's the gentle air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The faintly vail of maiden white to throw.
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;
 She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding

Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :

 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,

 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had giv'n day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new-enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger struck,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's feat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won

'To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last furrounds their fight
 A glob of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;
 The helmed cherubim
 And sworded seraphim,

Are seen in glitt'ring ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to heav'n's new-born heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,

And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye crystal spheres,
 Once blest our human ears,
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,

And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow,
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mold,
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And heav'n as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [deep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out-brake:
The aged earth aghast,

With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the center shake ;

When at the world's last session, [throne.

The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss

Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day

'Th' old dragon under ground

In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,

And wroth to see his kingdom fail,

Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,

Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,

And the refounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;

From haunted spring, and dale

Edg'd with pop'lar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent;

With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn

[mourn.

The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The lars and lemures mourn with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamins at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted feat.

XXII.

Peor and Baalim
Forfake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of Palestine,
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn, [mourn.
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
 The fable-stoled forcerers bear his worship'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Judah's land
 The dreaded infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlem blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our babe, to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his feneral grave,
 And the yellow-skirted fayeres [maze.
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd

XXVII.

But see the virgin blest
 Hath laid her babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heav'n's youngest teemed star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

Anno aetatis 17.

*On the death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of
his, dying of a Cough.*

I.

O Fairest flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs.

II.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his diety full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
'Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But all unawares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land ;

But then transform'd him to a purple flower :
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb ;
Could heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine,
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)
'Tell me bright spirit, where-e'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields, (if such there were)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall ;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?
 Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heav'nly brood
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden winged host,
 Who having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed,
 As if to shew what creatures heav'n doth breed,
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
 To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?

But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent:

This if thou do, he will an offspring give, [live.
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to

Anno aetatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HA I L native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before :
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task :
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst :
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,
For this same small neglect that I have made :
But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimmings slight,
Which take our late fantastics with delight,
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire :
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
And weary of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;

That so they may without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffer's round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blisful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly fire :
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves ;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldame nature in her cradle was ;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity :
But fy, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray !
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy predicament :
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drousy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisable:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in time's long and dark prospective glass
Forefaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
'To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;

Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar:
 Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose,
 then Relation was called by his name.*

RIVERS arise; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
 His thirty arms along the indented meads,
 Or fullen mole that runneth underneath,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of fedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame.

(The rest was prose.)

The P A S S I O N.

I.

E R E while of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth,
 My muse with angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
Which he for us did freely undergo :

Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight !

III.

He sov'reign priest stooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies ;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise !

Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethrens side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phoebus bound ;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, elsewhere are found ;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound ;

Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That heav'n and earth are colour'd with my woe ;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;

There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of heaven's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had,
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was
began, left it unfinished.*

On TIME.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee, O Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds ear,

So sweetly fung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow :
He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness ;
And that great cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely satisfy'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day ; but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Music,

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ

Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly ;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 'To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,

A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told, alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darknefs, and with death.
 Yet, had the number of her days
 Been as compleat as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The God that fits at marriage-feast ;
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce-well-lighted flame ;
 And in his garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cyprefs bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls Lucina to her throws ;
 But whether by mischance or blame
 Atropos for Lucina came ;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languish'd mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
'The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r ;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be prefaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funeral.
Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have ;
After this thy travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
'That to give the world increafe,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease ;
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy herse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
Whilst thou, bright saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
'That fair Syrian Shepherdess,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore
To him that serv'd for her before ;

And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing majesty and light.
 There with thee, new welcome faint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchionefs, but now a Queen.

SONG. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire,
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear, for his honour'd
 The labour of an age in piled stones, [bones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,
 Under a stary-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

*On the University-carrier, who sicken'd in the time of
 his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of
 the Plague.*

HERE lies old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,
 And here alas ! hath laid him in the dirt :
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
 For he had any time this ten years full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weckly course of carriage fail'd ;
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd of his boots, and took away the light :

If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move ;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :
And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait.
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And to much breathing put him out of breath ;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away, he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd ;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light :
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load, made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)

As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.

Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains his superscription.

*On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long
 P A R L I A M E N T.*

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate Lord,
 And with stiff vows renounc'd his liturgy,
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envy'd, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
 Taught ye by merc A. S. and Rotherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent,
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
 Must now be nam'd and printed heretics,
 By shallow Edwards and Scots what-d'ye-call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
 That so the parliament
 May with their wholsome and preventive shears
 Clip your phylacteries, though bank your ears,
 And succour our just fears,

When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhae illecebris tanquam e naufragio
enataverat; cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse mi-
feros.

QUI S multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens!

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aurae
Fallacis. Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula facer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

Rendered almost word for word, without Rhyme, according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odors
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain; and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god sea.

S O N N E T S.

S O N N E T I.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

S O N N E T II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene e colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,

Ei don', che son d'amor faette ed arco,
 La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 Le'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l difio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

S O N N E T III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera,
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disufata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insu la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! fofs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

C A N Z O N E.

R Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana

Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi ?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi ;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta amore.

S O N N E T IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solea
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guantia vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

S O N N E T V.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
Effer non puo che non fian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che force amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si ccla
Sosso mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far pioverse
Finche mia Alba rivien colmo di rose.

S O N N E T VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S' arma di se, e d'intero di amante,
Tanto del force e d'invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto de ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta sonora, e delle muse :

Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mise l'infanabil ago.

S O N N E T VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

S O N N E T VIII.

To the Soldier to spare his Dwelling-place.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,

And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses bow'r.
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
 Went to the ground: And the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

SONNET IX.

To a Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast thunn'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fix'd and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

SONNET X.

*To the Lady Margaret Ley, Daughter to the Earl of
Marlborough.*

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's council, and her treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee.
And left them both, more in himself content,
'Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him; as that dishonest victory
At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
'That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

SONNET XI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form and stile;
The subject new: It walked the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on,
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this! and some in file

Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder firs than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward
[Greek.

S O N N E T XII.

On the Same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

SONNET XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Airs.

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man, [tongue.
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our
 Thou honour'st verse; and verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of P'hoebus' quire,
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

SONNET XIV.

An Elegy.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best,
 Thy hand maids, clade them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

S O N N E T XV.

On General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;
 Thy firm unshaken valour ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their hydra heads, and the false north displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 For what can war but acts of war still breed?
 'Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

S O N N E T XVI.

On Sir Henry Vane the younger.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held

The helm of Rome (when gowns not arms repell'd
 The fierce Epirot, and the African bold)
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
 'The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld,
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage : Besides to know
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe : [done :
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

S O N N E T XVII.

To O. CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plow'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu'd,
 While Darwen streams with blood of Scots imbru'd,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war : New foes arise,
 Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

S O N N E T XVIII.

On the late Massacre in Piemont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd faints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not : In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow,
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

S O N N E T XIX.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, these eyes, tho' clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or stars throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot

Of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
 The conscience, friend, t'have lost them overply'd
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide. [mask,

S O N N E T XX.

On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide ;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask : But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

*To Mr Lawrence, Son of the President of Cromwell's
 Council.*

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,

Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a fullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? time will run
 On smother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lilly and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

S O N N E T XXII.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, whose Grandfire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

SONNET XXIII.

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused faint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in the in-ward shrine of the Temple of the Goddess Diana, utters his Requests thus:

Diva potens nemorum, &c.

GODDESS of shades, and Huntress, who at will
 Walk'st on the lowring spheres, and thro' the deep,
 On thy third reign the earth look now, and tell
 What land, what seat of rest thou bidst me seek,
 What certain seat, where I may worship thee
 For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

*To whom sleeping before the altar, Diana in a Vision
that night, thus answered :*

Brute, sub occasum solis, &c.

Brutus, far to the west in the ocean wide
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people ; thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting feat,
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee.

In the 20th Canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn.
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope ?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

Ariosto, Cant. 34.

And to be short, at last his guide him brings
Into a goodly valley, where he sees

A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
Things that on earth were lost, or was abus'd.

Then pass'd he to a flow'ry mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously ;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Silvester gave.

HORACE to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good man ? whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause ?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.

This is true liberty, when free-born men
Having to advise the public, may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, deserves his praise ;
Who either can, or will, may hold his peace :
What can be juster in a state than this ?

H O R A C E.

-----*Valet ima summis*
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The power that did create, can change the scene
 Of things ; make mean of great, and great of mean ;
 The brightest glory can eclipse with night ;
 And place the most obscure in dazling light.

H O R A C E.

*Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,
 Regumque matres barbarorum, et
 Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.*

*Injurioso ne pede proruas
 Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens
 Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
 Concitet, imperiumque frangat.*

All barbarous people, and their princes too,
 All purple tyrants honour you ;
 The very wandring Scythians do.
 Support the pillar of the Roman state,
 Let all men be involv'd in one man's fate.
 Continue us in wealth and peace ;
 Let wars and tumults ever cease.

C A T U L L U S.

*Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,
 Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.*

The worst of poets I myself declare,
 By how much you the best of Patrons are.

ON SALMASIUS.

*Quis expedit Salmasio suam Hundredam?
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobei
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.*

English'd.

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering pyc,
 To aim at English, and Hundreda cry?
 The starving rascal, flush'd with just a hundred
 English Jacobus's, Hundreda blundered,
 An outlaw'd king's last stock---A hundred more
 Wou'd make him pimp for the antichristian Whore;
 And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,
 Who threaten'd once to stink the Pope to death.

P S A L M I.

Done into V E R S E, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sate. But in the great

Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watry streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

P S A L. II. *done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.*

WH Y do the gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
 With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords. He who in heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them: But I, saith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said,
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow

Th' heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds : Them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length ye kings averse,
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth ; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling ; kiss the Son, lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere,
 Happy all those who have him in their stay.

P S A L. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

L O R D, how many are my foes ?
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise !
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count ;
 Aloud I cry'd
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout

I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou

Hast smote ere now

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the
Thy blessing on thy people flows. [Lord ;

P S A L. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

ANswer me when I call,
God of my righteousness,

In straits and in distress

Thou didst me disenthral

And set at large ; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.

Great ones how long will ye

My glory have in scorn,

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chose to himself apart,

The good and meek of heart

(For whom to chuse he knows)

Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,

Speak to your hearts alone.

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say,

Who yet will shew us good?

Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where-e'er I lie;

As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12. 1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear,

My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear,

My King and God; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah, thou my early voice

Shalt in the morning hear,

I' th' morning I to thee with choice

Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad-men stand not within thy fight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his falt'ring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good-will.

PSAL. VI. *Aug. 13. 1653.*

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled fore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. *Aug. 14, 1653.*

Upon the words of Cush the Benjamite against him.

LORD my God, to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,

Left as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul afunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for naught ;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there out-spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire ;
And wake for me, their fury assuage ;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight,
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me : Cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended ;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made ;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade

Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

'Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

P S A L. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth !
So as above the heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
'That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.

When I behold thy heav'ns, thy fingers art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then faith my heart,
O what is man that thou rememb'rest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet!

Fowl of the heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all, but
 what is in a different Character, are the very words
 of the text, translated from the Original.*

P S A L. LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep

Give ear in time of need,
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep

Thy loved Joseph's feed,
 That sitt'st between the cherubs bright

Between their wings out-spread,
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
 And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's sight,

Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen * *Gnōrera.*
 To save us by thy might.

- 3 'Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy * smoking wrath, *and angry brow* * *Gnasbanta.*
 Against thy people's prayer!
- 5 'Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them † largely drink the tears † *Shalish.*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they † laugh, they † play,
 And † flouts at us they throw. † *Jilgnagu.*
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut,*
 To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last.
10. With her *green* shade that cover'd all,
 The hills were *over-spread,*
 Her boughs as *high* as cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.

- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood,
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From heav'n, thy seat divine;
Behold us, *but without a frown*,
And visit this *thy* Vine.
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
 Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

P S A L. LXXXI.

TO God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
 Sing loud to God *our King,*
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
 Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
 The timbrel hither bring,
 The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
 And harp *with* pleasant string.

3 Blow, as *is wont,* in the new moon
 With trumpets *lofty sound,*
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast *comes round.*

4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*
 For Israel *to observe,*
 A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
 From whence they might not *swerve.*

5 This he a testimony ordain'd
 In Joseph, *not to change,*
 When as he pass'd through *Ægypt land;*
 The tongue I heard was *strange.*

6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*
 I set his shoulder free :

His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*

7 When trouble did thee fore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.

I answer'd thee in † thunder deep † *Be Sether ragnam*
With clouds encompass'd round;
I try'd thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*

8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well,*
I testify to thee,
Thou antient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt land,
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*
Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.

13 O that my people would *be wise,*
To serve me all their days,

And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous ways,
 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against *all those*
That are thine enemies.
 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
 But *they, his people, should remain,*
Their time should have no end.
 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flow'r of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
With honey for their meat.

P S A L. LXXXII.

† Bagnadath-el.

1 **G**OD in the † great † assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
 * Among the Gods, * on both his hands * Bekerev.
 He judges and debates,
 2 How long will ye † pervert the right † Tishphetu
 With † judgment false and wrong, gnavel.
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
 3 † Regard the † weak and fatherless, † Shiphtu-dal.
 † Dispatch the † poor man's cause,
 And * raise the man in deep distress
 By * just and equal laws. * Hatzdiku.

- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands*.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
And * out of order gone. * *Fimmotu.*
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God most high,
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise God, † judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth † redress, † *Shiphtha.*
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

P S A L. LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not still O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
- 2 For lo thy *furious* foes now † swell,
And † storm outrageously, † *Jehemajun.*
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they * contrive * *Jagnarimu.*
† Their plots and counsels deep, † *Sod.*
† Them to ensnare they chiefly strive, † *Jithjagnatsu*
† Whom thou dost hide and keep. *gnal.* † *Tsephuneca.*

- 4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult † with all their might,
And all as one in mind † *Lev jachdar.*
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And hateful Amalec,
The Philistins, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Assur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot;
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed;
As Zeba and Zalumnna bled,
So let their princes bleed.

- 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and will now invade
 † *Their stately palaces, † Neoth Elohim bears both.*
- 13 *My God, oh make them as a wheel,*
No quiet let them find ;
Giddy and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 *As when an aged wood takes fire,*
Which on a sudden strays,
The greedy flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze,
- 15 *So with thy whirlwind them pursue,*
And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 † *And till they † yield thee honour due,*
Lord fill with shame their face. † They seek thy
- 17 *Asham'd and troubl'd let them be, Name, Heb.*
Troubl'd and asham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and scape it never.
- 18 *Then shall they know that thou whose name*
Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, and thou the same
O'er all the earth art one.

P S A L. LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair !
HO Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near !

- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a house of *rest*,
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Towards thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise ;
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where springs and show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear ;
- 9 Thou God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest,*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thousand days at best.

- I in the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
 With sin *for ever more.*
- 11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high,*
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

P S A L. LXXXV.

- 1 **T**H Y land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
 That wrought thy people woe,
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd,
 † Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore,
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 'Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*

- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
- 6 Wilt thou not † turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again † revive, † Heb. *turn to quicken us.*
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
- 8 And *now* what God the Lord will speak,
I will *go streight* and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear,*
To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet peace and righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r,*
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger,

Then † will he come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err.

† Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

P S A L. LXXXVI.

1 **T**H Y *gracious ear, O Lord, incline,*
O hear me I thee pray,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay.*

2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trode † Heb. *I am*
 Thy ways, and love the just, *good, loving,*
 Save thou thy servant, O my God, *a doer of good*
 Who *still* in thee doth trust. *and holy things.*

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call; 4. O make rejoice

Thy servant's soul; for Lord to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice.*

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
 To pardon, thou to all

Art full of mercy, thou alone
 To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously.

- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid* ;
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,
And answer what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious works*.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done ;
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for ever more.
- 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou hast free'd my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford
And let my foes *then* see,
And be asham'd, because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

- A** MONG the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's land, though there be store,
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
- 4 I mention Egypt, where proud kings
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
And Tyre, with Ethiop's *utmost ends*,
Lo this man there was born.

- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion last,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there ;
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.

P S A L. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L** O R D God, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry ;
 And all night long before thee weep,
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble fore
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
 My life *at death's uncheerful door*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit ;*
 I am a † man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit :
- † Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep*,
And like the slain in *bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps to *mourn*.
7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me ;
† Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, † *The Hebr.*
† And all thy waves break me. *bears both.*
8 Thou dost my friends from me *estrangle*,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee *intreat*,
My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*,
With pale and hollow eyes ?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell,
On whom the grave *hath hold* ;
Or they *who* in perdition dwell,
Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?

- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
And up to thee my prayer doth hie
Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me?
- 15 That am already bruise'd, and † shake
With terror sent from thee? † Heb. *Prae concussione*.
Bruise'd, and afflicted, and so low
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:
- 17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far:
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author
at fifteen Years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,

And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
 His praise and glory was in Israel known.
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
 And fought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth, Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? and why skip'd the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be aghast
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

P S A L M 136.

LET us with a gladfome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell,
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed heav'n and earth to shake.
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heav'ns so full of state.
For his &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-tressed sun,
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Ægypt land,
For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his, &c.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 107

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythraean main.
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king, with all his power.
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell,
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis
vigefimum confcripfit.

No. 1000

By Authority of the
House of Commons
Printed by J. Smith

JOHN MILTON

of the University of
Oxford

Author of the
LORDS OF THE

of the University of

P O E M A T A

of the University of
Oxford

Quotum pietatis in
victimum conscriptis

HAEC quae sequuntur de Auctore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod praeclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii praesertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi que quod plus aequo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici Poeseos laurea coronandum, Graeca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Maconidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERgimi all' Etra o Clio
Perche di stelle intrecciero corona
Non piu del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtu celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtu m' adatti, e feriro la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Pero che il suo valor l' umana eccede:
Questa feconda fa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tranoi.

Alla virtù sbandita

Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,

Quella gli e sol gradita,

Perche in lei fan trovar gioia, e diletto ;

Ridillo, tu Giovanni, e mostra in tanto

Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido

Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;

Ch' udio d'Helena il grido

Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,

E per poterla effigiare al paro

Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il piu raro.

Così l' Ape Ingegnosa

Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato,

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,

E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;

Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,

Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta

Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le peregrine piante

Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;

Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,

E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino

Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero

Vide in ogni confino,
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
 L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
 Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
 O in lei del parlar Tosco apprefer l'arte,,
 La cui memoria onora
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
 Che per varie favelle
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :
 Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo piu degno idioma
 Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
 Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani
 Tropo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
 Chiaramente conosci, e giunge al fine
 Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
 Che di virtu immortale
 Scorrion di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;

Che s'opre degne di poema o storia
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra

Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto :

Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra

Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,

In Tamigi il dira che gl'e concesso

Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permessò.

Io che in riva del Arno

Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro

So che fatico indarno,

E ad amirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;

Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core

Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del. Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo

Florintino.

J O A N N I M I L T O N I

L O N D I N E N S I,

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studia cuncta orbis
terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia u-
bique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic re-
viviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacun-
da; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus po-
pulorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriae; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos coelestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti, characteres mirabilium naturae, per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistra philosophia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora famae non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis fatis est: Reverentiae et amoris ergo, hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantae virtutis amator.

E L E G I A R U M

L I B E R P R I M U S.

E L E G I A P R I M A.

A D C A R O L U M D E O D A T U M.

TANDEM, chare, tuae mihi pervenere tabellae,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;
Pertulit occidua Devae Castrensis ab ora,
Vergivium prono qua petit amne salum.
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quam male Phoebicolis convenit ille locus !
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Caeteraque ingenio non fubeunda meo.
Si fit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi ;
Non ego vel profugi nomen fortemve recuso,
Laetus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;

Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus haeres,
Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,
Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Saepe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Saepe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et spectro, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
Interdum et lachrymis dulcis amaror inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:
Seu moeret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Saepius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammās
Virgineos videas praeteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignae stupui miracula formae,
Quae posset sen ium vel reparare Jovis!

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quae brachia vincant,
Quaeque fuit puro nectare tincta via!
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quae fallax retia tendit Amor!
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina fordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatae toties Heroides olim,
Et quaecunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achaemeniae turrita fronte puellae,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaae fasces submittite Nymphae,
Et vos Iliacae, Romuleaeque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Aufoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis,
Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot coelo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymioneae turba ministra deae,
Quot tibi conspicuae formaque auroque puellae
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse inuenta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia caeci,
Moenia quam subito relinquere fausta paro;

Et vitare procul malefidae infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire scholae.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, Anno Aetat. 17.

In obitum Praeconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima praeconum praeconem te quoque faeva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Haemonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Aesonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, saepe rogante dea.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer a Phoebos nuncius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliaca stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, aetherea missus ab arce patris;
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
 Saeva nimis Musis, Palladi saeva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terrae!
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.

Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes,
Perfonet et totis naenia moesta scholis.

Elegia Tertia, Anno Actatis 17.

In obitum Praefulis Wintoniensis.

Moestus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
Haerebantque animo tristitia plura meo,
Protinus en subiit funestae cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
Et memini heroum quos vidit ad aethera raptos,
Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te praecipue luxi dignissime Praeful,
Wintoniaeque olim gloria magna tuae;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne fatis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tua marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchrae Cypridi sacra rosa,
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus praetereuntis aquae?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quae plurima coelo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis;

Et quae mille nigris errant animalia silvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humana tingere caede manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam caede fugasse sua?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerferat aequore currum
Phoebus, ab eo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
Talis in extremis terrae Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Praeful Wintonius astat,
Siderium nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit laeto florea terra sono.
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt coelestia pennis,
 Plura triumphali personet aethra tuba.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
 Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmae,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia saepe mihi.

Elegia quarta, Anno Aetatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Praeceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgae agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subito mea littera pontum
 I, pete Tuetonicos laeve per aequor agros;
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstat eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio fraenantem carcere ventos,
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos;
 Caeruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgae moenia flecte gradum,

Dicitur occiso quae ducere nomen ab Hama,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore
Praeful Christicolas pascere doctus oves ;
Ille quidem est animae plusquam pars altera nostrae,
Dimidio vitae vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt alia parte carere mei !
Charior ille mihi, quam tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;
Quamque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo praeceunte recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi laeta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Aethon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorigenilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum praeverte sonorum,
Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forſitan aut veterum praelarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
Coelestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,

Grande salutiferae religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo addeffet, herum.
Haec quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos.
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :
Haec tibi, si teneris vacat inter praelia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem ;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modo da veniam falso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quae patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue Leo.
Saepe farissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad moestas deliquere preces.
Extensaeque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuncia vera malorum !
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat ;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,

Illuc Ordyfios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et aerifonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas iusta volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumfonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrina quaeris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, et saxis faevior albis
Spumea quae pulsat littoris unda tui:
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quaerant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui laeta ferunt de coelo nuncia, quique
Quae via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quae vivas clausa tenebris,
Aeternaque animae digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terrae Thesbitidis olim
Pressit in affucto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathia pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscolaeque ipsum Gergessae civis Iesum
Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.
At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,

Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub aegide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;
Ille Sionaeae qui tot sub moenibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala ;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Aetatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos ;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor ? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest ?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet ?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bisidumque cacumen oberrat,

Et mihi Pyrenen fomnia nocte ferunt ;
Concitataque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me facer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo ;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum ;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara caeca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?
Quid parit haec rabies, quid facer iste furor ?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novel'is
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus :
Urbe ego, tu sylva simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc fubeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctæas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum coeleste Bootes
Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et caedes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,

Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certe caruisti nocte puella
Phoebe tua, celeres quae retineret equos.
Laeta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phoebus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effoeto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phoebe subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illa,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat menses, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idaeam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Taenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phoebe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaeque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blanditiaeque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quaerit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus

Praebet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus saepe coemptus amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub aequore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu, clivoso fessus Olympo,
In vespertinas praecipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phoebe, diurno,
Hesperiiis recipit caerulea mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lympa?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora fallo?
Frigora, Phoebe, mea melius captabis in umbra,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu, Phoebe, tuo sapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum caetera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovit solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
Quaeque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.

Marmoreas juvenes clamant, Hymenaeae, per urbes,
Littus Io Hymen, et cava faxes sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicaque decentior apta,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amoeni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. [num,
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus u-
Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quae jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque sua Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque deus, semideusque caper.
Quaeque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Maenalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Faunus,
Consult in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes;
Jamque latet, latitanque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant coelo praeponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii, precor, ite domo.
Te referant miseris, te Jupiter, aurea terris
Saecla, quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis?

Tu faltem lente rapidos age, Phoebe, jugales
 Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant ;
 Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

Elegia Sexta.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset, si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento forte carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram proleat Musa camoenam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
 Festaque coelifugam quae coluere deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestasse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro praeposuisse suae.

Saepius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euoe
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallaeis mala carmina misit ab agris :
Non illic epulae, non fata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina rosasque, racemiferumque Lyaeum,
Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quaeque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrismoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phoebum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi coelato barbitos auro
Insonat arguta molliter icta manu ;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremula quae regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phoebum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Saepius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove coelum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, et innocuos praebeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympa catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacra et lustralibus undis
Surgis ad infensos augur iture deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris:
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus,
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseiae Phoebados aulam,
Et vada foemineis insidiola sonis,
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim facer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
At tu si quid agam scitabere, (si modo saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere si quid agam)

Paciferum canimus coelesti femine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſaecula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, et ſtabulantem paupere teſto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit,
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque aethere turmas,
Et ſubito elifos ad ſua fana deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis;
Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis inſtar eris.

Elegia Septima, Anno Aetatis Undevigeſimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia noram,
Et Paphio vacuum peſtus ab igne fuit.
Saepe Cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
Atque tuum ſprevi maxime numen, Amor.
Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:
Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Haec ſunt militiae digna trophaea tuae.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigiſ arma?
Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et ſummae radians per culmina villae
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quaerebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.
Aſſat Amor lecto, piſtis Amor impiger alis,

Prodidit adstantem mota pharetra deum ;
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in aeterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
Thiodamantaeus Naide raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris :
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phoebum, cessit et ille mihi ;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeaeque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Haerebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Caetera quae dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te stulte tuae poterunt defendere Musae,
Nec tibi Phoebaeus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,

Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat;
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Poebus habet?
Haec ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis agor.
Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solut et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multaeque sagittae,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis haesit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quae jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui saepe referre pedem.
Findor, et haec remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,

Inter Lemniacos praecipitata focos.
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores
 Nec licet incēptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristitia verba loqui!
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras fordeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certe est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate dea, jaculis, nec minus igne, potens!
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
 Tu modo da facilis, posthaec mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

H AEC ego mente olim laeva, studioque supino
 Nequitiae posui vana trophaea meae.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque aetas prava magistra fuit;
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Praebuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper fatrapasque Britannos,
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria coeli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile l'arcis
 Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In Eandem.

Siccine tentasti coelo donasse Jacobum
 Quae septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potius foedos in coelum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos:
 Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi coeli vix bene scandet iter.

In Eandem.

Purgatorem animae derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax:

Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne,
 Supplicium, spreta relligione, dabis :
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter.
 O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis !
 Nam prope, Tartareo sublimē rotatus ab igni,
 Ibat ad aethereas umbra perusta plagas.

In Eandem.

QU E M modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarat Taenarioque sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

In Inventorem Bombardae.

I Apetionidem laudavit caeca vetustas,
 Qui tulit aetheream solis ab axe facem ;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen furripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romae Canentem.

A Ngelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit aethereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major ?
 Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia coeli,
 Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens ;

Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.
Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te una loquitur, caetera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poetam,
Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius aevo
Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret !
Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternae fila movere lyrae,
Quamvis Dircae torfisset lumina Pentheo
Saevior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes caeca vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua ;
Et poteras aegro spirans sub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripa
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo ?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amoena Tibridis unda
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico et Hero.

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino :
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Haecenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis aevo,
 Mota solo assueto, protenus aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
 Atque ait, heu quanto fatius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo !
 Possem ego avaritiam fraenare, gulamque voracem :
 Nunc periere mihi et foetus et ipse parens.

S Y L V A R U M L I B E R.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

Parere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iapeti colitis nepotes.
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Taenaro
 Semel vocarit flebilis, heu morae
 Tentantur incassum dolique ;

Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathia jacuisset Oeta.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidae
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecateia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virga.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon.
Eurypyli cecidisset hasta.
Laesisset et nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnae perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum.
Caese puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatae cui regimen datum,
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam praefuisses palladio gregi
Laetus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis.
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris

Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Praefes, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosae, calthaeque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Aëaci,
 Subrideatque Aëtnaea Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Aëtatis 17.

JAM pius extrema veniens Jacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
 In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis :
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, aethereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris focios, vernaſque fideles,
 Participes regni poſt funera moeſta futuros ;
 Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aere diras,
 Illic unanimis odium ſtruit inter amicos,
 Armata et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
 Et quoscunque videt purae virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum ſcleri corrumpere pectus,
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, caſſesque latentes

Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia praedam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
Cinctus caeruleae fumanti turbine flammae.
Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen deberat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniadem qui non dubitavit atrocem
Aequore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatae crudelia saecula Trojae.

At simul hanc opibusque et festa pace beatam
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Aetna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhoeus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lachrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens haec mihi sola rebellis,
Contemptrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Haec tenus; et piceis liquido natat aere pennis;
Qua volat, adversi praecursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniae fines, a parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisciue Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non

Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem ;
Hinc Mavortigenae consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, praeceunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum ;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia taedis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Saepe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cava responfat rupe Cithaeron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Praecipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchaetemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontaeo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interca regum domitor, Phlegetontius haeres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Praedatorque hominum falsa sub imagine tectus
Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,

Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune falaces,
Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus at tali serpens velatis amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Caesar adorat,
Cui referata patet convexi janua coeli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frangi procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicae possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiae disiectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa proboscæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino Ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesces,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quelibet haereticis disponere retia fas est;

Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandaevosque patres trabea, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique mone, quisquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papae?
Perculsofque metu subito, casuque stupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel saevus Iberus.
Saecula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illaetabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Moestaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae,
Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus aeterna septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter caementa jacent praeruptaque faxa,
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et stimulus armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque vine moriendi mille videntur,

Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,
Exululant, tellus et fanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidum latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, et retro lumina vortunt ;
Hos pugiles Romae per saecula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit aequor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrape, scelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine verae
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupide paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine coelos
Despicit aetherea dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversae ridet conamina turbae,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas ;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae
Aerea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossae.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrae,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,

Dum Canis aestivum coeli petit ardua culmen.
Ipfa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Aristoride fervator inique juvencae
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia saepe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.
Millenisque loquax auditaque vifaeque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus aequa.
Te Deus, aeternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine praemisso alloquitur, terraque tremante :
Fama files ? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptigero caedes meditata Iacobo ?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et satis ante fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesaeo ex aere sonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres praevertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :
Et primo Angliacas solito de mora per urbes

Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula caecis
 Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellae,
 Effoetique fenae pariter, tantaeque ruinae
 Sensus ad aetatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolum; capti poenas raptantur ad acres;
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita laeta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba cohors juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno aetatis 17. In obitum Praefulis Eliensis.

A Dhuc madentes rore squalebant genae,
 Et sicca nondum lumina

Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,

Quem nuper effudi pius,

Dum moesta charo iusta persolvi rogo

Wintoniensis praefulis.

Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali

Cladisque vera nuncia)

Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,

Populosque Neptuno fatos,

Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus

Te generis humani decus,

Qui rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula

Quae nomen Anguillae tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus
Ebulliebat fervida,
Tumulis potentem saepe devovens deam :
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiusque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aura, flamine :
Caecos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas :
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita ?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao :
Ast illa coelo missa stellato, Dei
Messēs ubique colligit ;
Animasque mole carnea reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat ;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horae diem
Themidos Jovisque filiae ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;
At iusta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoso Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem laetus audiui, cito

Foedum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror :
Vates ut olim raptus ad coelum senex
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Praetervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longeque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
Fraenis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem saepe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam Crystallinam, et
Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amoenitates illius loci ? mihi
Sat est in aeternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quam perperetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem ! [fundis
Quae vefana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni

Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile faeclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturae facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab aevo?
Et se fassa senem male certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annorumque aeterna fames, squalorque situsque
Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus
Efuriet Coelum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superaue ut Olympius aula
Decidat, horribilisque reiecta Gorgone Pallas:
Qualis in Aegeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine coeli?
Tu quoque Phoebe tui casus imitabere nati
Praecipiti curru, subitaque ferere ruina
Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aerei divulsus sedibus Haemi
Disiultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consultuit rerum summae, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;

Raptat et ambitos fœcia vertigine coelos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristata casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phoebus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amica
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua coeli,
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis:
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit æquora concha
Oceani Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille decorem
Phoebe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina coeli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit

Dicite sacrorum praefides nemorum deae,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quaeque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Aeternitas,
Monumenta fervans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Coelique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Aeternus, incorruptus, aequaevus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubae
Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Coeli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit Lunae globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non cui profundum caecitas lumen dedit
Dircaeus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos
Vatum sagaci praepes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet

Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Haec monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuae
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptius a nobis quae possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quae redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen haec nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
Quae mihi sunt nullae, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbrae.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil aethereos ortus, et semina coeli,

Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheae retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet.
Carmines sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phæbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consult, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Aeternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratas per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circumdat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sideribus intercinat ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibilas serpens
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat coena Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculea intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi late fundamina nundi,
Reptantesque Deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Aetneo quaesitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen irane juvabit,

Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carminē, non cithara, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lachrymas; habet has a carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componos ad aptos,
Milibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritos sis nominis haeres.
Nunc tibi quod mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affini sequamur?
Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camoenas,
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditefcere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum Aoniae jucunda per otia ripae
Phoebaeo lateri comitem sinus ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
Cum mihi Romuleae patuit facundia linguae,
Et Latii veneres, et quae Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabulo Graiis,
Addere suasisi quos jactat Galia flores,

Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quaeque Palestinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet coelum, ſubjectaque coelo
Terra parens, terraeque et coelo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotaque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libaſſe moleſtum.

I nunc, confer opes quiſquis male ſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Peruanaque regna praeoptas.
Quae potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donaſſet ut omnia, coelo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lamina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fraena diei,
Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctae pars quamlibet ima catervae
Victrices hederas inter laurosque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inertī,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curae, procul eſte querelae,
Invidiaeque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Saeva nec anguiferos extende calumnia riſtus;
In me triſte nihil foediſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab iſtu.

At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non aequa merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memoraiſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidaeque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos, sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabitis aevo.

P S A L. CXIV.

ΙΣραηλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλ' Ἰακώβ·
 Αἰγυπτίον λιπέ δῆμον, ἀπεχθεῖα, βαρβαρο-
 Δὴ τότε μῦθον ἦν ὅσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰσὺα, [Φωνόν·
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλευεν.
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φύσιν ἐρρώησε θάλασσα.
 Κυματὶ εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελιχθῆ
 Ἰερὸς Ἰορδάνης πόλι ἀργυροεῖδεα πῆλιν.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεόντο,
 Ὡς κριοὶ ὤφριγονες εὐτραφερώ ἐν ἀλῶνι.
 Βαιοτέραι δ' αἶμα πασαι ἀνασκιρτήσαν ἐριπναι,
 Οἷα παραι ὤφριγι φιλή ὑπο μήτερι ἀρνες.
 Τίπτε ὤγ' αἶνα θάλασσα πελωρ φύσιν ἐρρώησας
 Κυματὶ εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελιχθῆς
 Ἰερὸς Ἰορδάνη πόλι ἀργυροεῖδεα πῆλιν;
 Τίπ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεέσθαι
 Ὡς κριοὶ ὤφριγονες εὐτραφερώ ἐν ἀλῶνι;
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἀρ' υἱαὶ ἀνασκιρτήσῃ ἐριπναι,

Οἶα παρὰι Κυρίγῃ Φιλῇ ὑπομήτερι αἰνέες;
 Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα Θεὸν μέγαλ' ἐκλυπεονία,
 Γαῖα Θεὸν τρεῖς' ὑπάλον ῥέδας Ἰσθακίδαο,
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ Ῥιλαδῶν πόλαμιν χεῖ μορμυρονίας,
 Κρηνηνί' αἰνάον πέρις ἀπο δακρυοεσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS *ad regem quendam, qui
 eum ignotum et insontem inter reos for-
 te captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπι-
 θανάτῳ πορευόμενος haec subito misit.*

Ω ἀνὰ εἰ ολέσης με τὸν ἐννομον, οὐδὲ τιν' ἀνδρῶν,
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δρασάνῃα, ῥοφωτάλον ἰσθὶ καρήνα
 Ῥηιδίως ἀφελοιο, τὸ δ' ὑστέρον αὐθι νοήσεις,
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἐπεῖλα τέον πρὸς θυμὸν οδυρή,
 Τοιοῦν δ' ἐκ πολίος περιωνυμὸν ἀλκαρ ολέστας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθὲ γέγραφθαι χεῖρι τηνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
 Φαιῆς ταχ' ἀν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύες βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπῶλον καὶ ἐπιγνοῖες φίλοι
 Γελάτε φαυλοῦ δυσμενῆμα ζῶντος.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum Ægrotantem.

S C A Z O N T E S.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cum decentes flava Deiope furas
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adestum, et hæc si's verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camoena nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Infanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superba cognitas urbes fama,
Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum ;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, O salus Hebes
Germana ! tuque Phoebe, morborum terror,

Pythone caeso, five tu magis Paeon
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Si quid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen aegro ferte certatim vati.
 Sic ille charis redditus rursus Musis,
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium aeternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
 Spei favebit annuae colonorum :
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obfessum reges,
 Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro :
 Sed fraena melius temperabit undarum,
 Aduſque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii
 laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute,
 apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati
 Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim
 Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniae prin-
 cipes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus, Gerusa-
 lemme conquistata, lib. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi
 Risplende il Manso-----

*Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia
prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia.
Ad hunc itaque, hospes ille, antequam ab ea urbe disce-
deret, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.*

HAec quoque Manse tuae meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phoebi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud aequo est dignatus ho-
Post Galli cineres, et Mecaenatis Hetrusci. [nore,
Tu quoque, si nostrae tantum valet aura Camoenae,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et aeternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
Mollis et Aufonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex aere poetam.
Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulto: cupis integros rapere Orco,
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et varia sub forte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervae;
Emulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri,
Ergo ego te, Clius et magni nomine Phoebi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per aevum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,

Quae nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Qua Thamesi late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phoebus,
 Qua plaga septeno mundi fulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Booten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phoebum, nos munera Phoebus,
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum, (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant.)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosa Graiae de more puellae,
 Carminibus laetis memorat Corineida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaege,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque viro-
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [rum,
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas :
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadae coelo fugitivus Apollo ;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;
 Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,

Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaeque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi saepe sub ilice nigra,
Ad citharae strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores,
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro neque fixa sub imo
Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trahinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,
Emotaeque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex! te Jupiter aequus oportet
Nascentem, et mihi lustrarit lumine Phoebus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse Poetae.
Hinc longaeva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Aesonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum,
Phocbaeos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arcturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictae sociali foedere mensae
Magnanimos heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit!)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitae permenfus tempora vitae,
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis adstaret ocellis,
Adstanti sat erit si dicam, Sim tibi curae;
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,

Neſtens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.
 Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi praemia certa bonorum,
 Ipſe ego coelicum ſemotus in aethera divum,
 Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti haec aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
 (Quantum fata ſinunt) et tota mente ſerenum
 Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus,
 Et ſimul aethereo plaudam mihi laetus Olympo.

E P I T A P H I U M

D A M O N I S.

A R G U M E N T U M.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniae paſtores, eadem ſtudia ſecuti a pueritia, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi cauſa proſectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, et rem ita eſſe comperto, ſe, ſuamque ſolitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruriae Luca paterno genere oriundus, caetera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clariffimisque caeteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

H Imerides Nymphae (nam vos et Daphnin et Hy-
 Et plorata diu meminiftis fata Bionis) [lan,
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
 Quas miſer effudit voces, quae murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi praereptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Necdum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musae Thufca retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Coepit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi ! quae terris, quae dicam numina coelo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon !
Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certe, nisi me lupo ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit ;
Siquid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Haec tibi certa manent, tibi erunt haec praemia Da-
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo ? quis mihi fidus [mon ;
Haerebit lateri comes, ut tu saepe solebas,

Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos praesepibus altis;
 Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus au-
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo? [ster

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan aesculea somnum capit abditus umbra,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino non jam vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosae densantur vallibus umbrae,
 Hic ferum exspecto, supra caput imber et Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractaeque agitata crepuscula sylvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino non jam vacat agni.
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque taedet, at illae
 Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphefiboeus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:

Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad haec, nam me redeuntem forte notarat
(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quae te coquit improba bilis,
Aut te perdit antor, aut te male fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave saepe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit praecordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur Nymphae, et quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non haec solet esse juventae
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit: Bis ille miser qui ferus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharaeque sciens, sed perdita fastu.
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiae, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, siquid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum.
Farra libens volitet, fero sua tecta revisens,

Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies qua non speraveris hora
Surripit, aeternum linquens in saecula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aereas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot faxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes?
Ah certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placide morientes ocellos,
Et dixisse, Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis atque Lepos, et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidae certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum

Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
Fiscellae, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutae,
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Haec mihi tum laeto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos.
Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quae tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et praesentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, [thi,
Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacin-
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.
Ah pereant herbae, pereant artesque medentum,
Gramina, postquam ipse nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite silvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per aequora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniae,
Brennumque Arvigarumque duces, priscumque Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iogernem,
Mendaces vultus, assumtaque Gorlois arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camoenis,
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in aevum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Ufa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantae,
Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Haec tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,
Haec, et plura simul, tum quae mihi pocula Manus,
Manus Chalcidicae non ultima gloria ripae,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino caelaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvae,
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
Caeruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictaeque in nube pharetrae,
Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes

Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus ;
Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, formaeque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus ?
Nec te Lethaeo fas quaesivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymae, nec flebimus ultra :
Ite procul lacrymae, purum colit aethera Damon,
Aethera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Aethereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat :
Ore sacro. Quin tu coeli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive aequior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Coelicolae norint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Laetaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmae
Aeternum perages immortales hymenaeos ;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionaeco bacchantur et Orgia Thyrso.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum alijs nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

G Emelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet gemina,
Munditieque nitens non operosa,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetae;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
Infons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula

Caerulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte coelo,
Celeberque futurus in aevum ;

Strophe 2.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo,
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si fatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam pene totis finibus Angligenum ;
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollinea pharetra,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet mala
Fide, vel oscitantia,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Laetare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam remige penna ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Rousius fui
 Optat peculi, numeroque iusto
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille cuius inclyta
 Sunt data virum monumenta curae :
 Teque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse praesidet.
 Aeternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quaestorque gazae nobilioris,
 Quam cui praefuit Ion
 Clarus Erechtheides
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actaea genitus Creusa.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amoenos,
 Diamque Phoebi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxonia quam valle colit,
 Delo posthabita,
 Bifidoque Parnassi iugo :
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graiae simul et Latinae
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,

Jam fero placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Rousi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longe
 Turba legentum prava faceffet :
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior aetas
 Judicia rebus aequiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Rousio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistro-
 phis, una demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte re-
 spondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commode legendi po-
 tius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici
 Monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα-
 σχεσιν*, partim *απολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quae sunt,
 Spondaicum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in se-
 cundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

T H E E N D.



Milton, John,

Poems On Several Occasions

Edinburgh 1773

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